

The Tragedie

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad

That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murder her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

of Richard

Now thy proud necke, beares hal
From which, euen here, I slip my
And leaue the burthen of it all on
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene
These English woes, will make me

Qu. O thou well skild in curse
And teach me how to curse mine

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleep the
Compare dead happinesse with li
Thinke that thy babes were fairer
And he that slew thean fowler the
Bettring thy losse makes the bad
Reuoluing this, will teach thee ho

Qu. My words are dull, O quic

Qu. Ma. Thy woes will make th

Dut. Why should calamitie be

Qu. Windie atturnies to your
Aierie succeders of intestate ioye
Poore breathing orators of miseri
Let them haue scope, though wha
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease

Dut. If so, then be not too ong-ti
And in the breath of bitter words,
My damned sonne, which thy two
I heare his drum, be copious in ex

*Enter King Richard mar
and Trum*

King. Who intercepts my exp

Dut. A she, that might haue in
By strangling thee in her accursed
From all the slaughters wretch, th

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead
Where should be grauen, if that r
The slaughter of the Prince that c
And the dire death of my two son
Tell me thou villaine slave, where